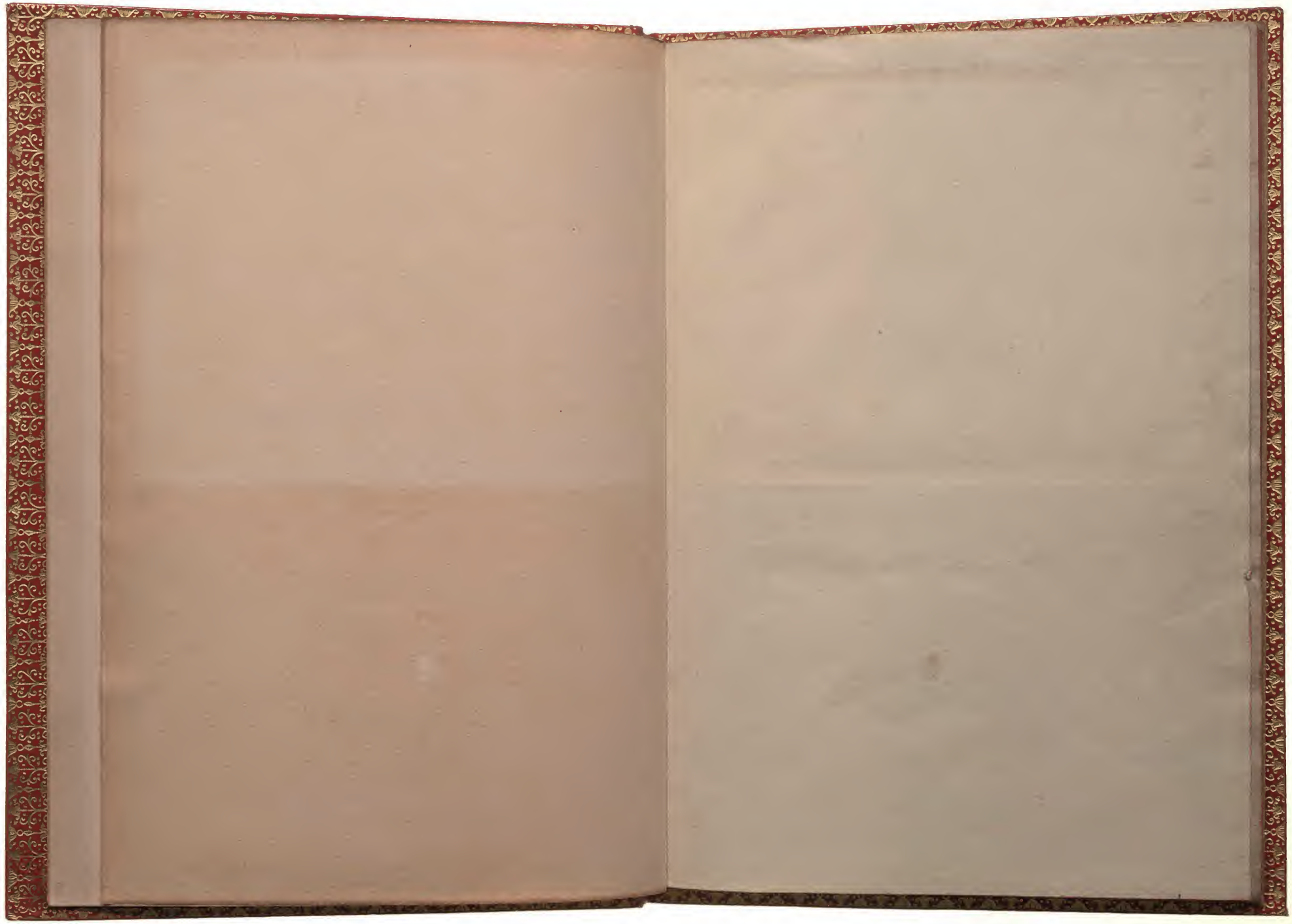

The only curiosity of this imperfect copy of the 1622 edition of Richard the Third arises from the circumstance of the title-page being perfect, the imprint being almost invariably cut off. Indeed, so rare is it to meet with a copy with the date 7/1622, Mr. Collier, in his ed. of Shakespeare, declares that "the existence of a copy of that date is more than doubtful." There are, I believe, two copies in the British Museum, the imprints of both of which are imperfect.

BRITISH MUSEUM

C. 34 k. 50

K. Shakspere (10)

THE

TRAGEDIE
OF
KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots againſt *his brother* Clarence: *The pittifull murder of his innocent* Nephewes: his tyrannicall Vſurpation: with the whole courſe of his deteſted life, and moſt *deſerued death.*

As it hath been lately Acted by the Kings Maieſties *Seruants.*

Newly augmented.

By *William Shake-ſpeare.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be ſold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling in *Paules* Church-yard, at the Signe of the *Fexe*, neere *S. Auſtines* gate, 1622.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, ſolus.

NOW is the winter of diſcontent,
Made glorious ſommer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the cloudes that lowr'd vpon our houſe,
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments.
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleaſures.
Grim-viſagde war, hath ſmoothd his wrinckled front,
And now in ſtead of mounting barbed ſteedes,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glaſſe:
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want loues Maieſtie,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling Nature,
Deform'd, vnfiniſht, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the Sunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore ſince I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

By drunken propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mewd vp,
About a Propheſie which ſayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of men.*
Brother, good daies, what meanes this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?
Cla. His Maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. (pointed
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*.
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtened in the Tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?
Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He hearkens after propheſies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-row pluckes the letter G:
And ſayes a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he;
Theſe as I learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his Highneſſe to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis ſhe
That tempts him to this extreamitie:
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the Tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man ſecur'd
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe *Shoare:*
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for his deliuerie?
Glo. Humble complayning to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuerie,
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewomen,
Are mightie goſſips in this Monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me:
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen ſo & pleaſe your worſhip *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We ſay that *Shores* wife hath a prettie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe *Shore*, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone.
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldſt thou betray me?
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare
Cla. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes *Abiects* and muſt obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow ſiſter,

I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes heere, the new deliuered *Haſtings*?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemies, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While Kites and Buzzards prey at libertie.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phiſitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by St. *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his Royall perſon,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till *George* be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen,
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*, With

With lyes well ſteeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in:
For then Ile marry *Warwicks* yongeſt daughter.
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her which I muſt reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horſe to Market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearſe of Harry the 6.

Lady Anne. Set downe, ſet downe your honorable Lord,
If honor may be ſhrowded in a hearſe,
Whileſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaſter*.
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtered ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfe ſame hands that made theſe holes:
Loe, in thoſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpeleſſe blame of my poore eyes.
Curſt be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curſt be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wiſh to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,

If

If euer he haue wife, let her be mad:
As miſerable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And ſtill as you are a wearie of the waight,
Reſt you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarſe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe,
La. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by St. *Paul*,
Ile make a coarſe of him that diſobeyes.
Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, ſtand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou fearefull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods ſake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happie earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with curſing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bulſh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy preſence that exhales this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwels.
Thy deed inhumaine and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge moſt vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth, which this bloud drink'ſt, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murtherer dead,

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes,
La. Villanne, thou knowſt no law of God, nor man:
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pittie,
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
La. O'n wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are ſo angry,
Vouchſafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance but to acquite my ſelfe.
La. vouchſafe defuſed infection of a man,
For theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leiſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe currant, but to hang thy ſelfe.
Glo. By ſuch diſpaire I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
La. And by diſparing ſhouldſt thou ſtand excuſde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy ſelfe,
Which didſt, vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diueliſh ſlaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and ſlaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lyeſt. Queene Margret ſaw
Thy bloodly faulchion ſmoaking in his blood,
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy brother beate aſide the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her ſlanderous tongue
Which laide their guift vpon my guiltleſſe ſhoulders.
La. Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.
Didſt thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I grant yee.

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God graunt me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, mild, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Ladie *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from their cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer indure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhad thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuenged on him tha ſlew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The ſelfeſame name, but one of better nature.
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *She ſpitteth at him.*
Why doeſt thou ſpit at mee?
La. Would it were mortall poyſon for thy ſake.
Glo. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler toade,
Out of my ſight, thou doeſt infect my eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes ſweete Lade haue infected mine.
La. Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtrike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt teares,
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh drops,
I neuer ſued to friends nor enemie,
My tongue could neuer learne ſweete ſoothing words.
But now thy beautie is propoſde my fee:
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake,
Teach not thy lips ſuch ſcorne, for they were made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe pointed ſword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,
And let the ſoule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to thy deadly ſtroake:
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, doe not pawſe, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kild king Henry,
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on: *Here ſhe lets*
Take vp the ſword againe, or take vp me. *fall the ſword.*
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue alreadie.

Glo. Tuſh, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou ſhalt by acceſſarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take, is not to giue.
Glo Looke how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breſt incloſeth me poore heart.
Were both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg on fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where, after I haue ſolemnely enterred
At Chertſie Monaſterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with al expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Graunt me this boone.
La. With al my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Treſſill and Bartly, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell alreadie. *Exit.*

Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the courſe.
Ser. Towards Chertſie noble Lord?
Glo. No: to white Fryers: there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exeunt. Manet Glo.*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate:
With curſes in her mouth, teares in her eyes.
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by:
Hauing God, her conſcience, and theſe barres againſt me;
And I nothing to backe my ſuite withall
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes,
And yett to win her all the world to nothing? Hah?
Hath ſhe forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord, Whome I ſome three moneths ſince
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?
A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:
Yong, valiant, wiſe, and no doubt right royall,
The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will ſhe yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me, whoſe al not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnſhapen thus?
My Dukedome to be a beggerly denier,
I doe miſtake my perſon all this while.
Vpon my life ſhe finds, although I cannot
My ſelfe, to be a maruailous proper man,
Ile be at charges for a Looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine ſome ſcore or two of tailors
To ſtudie faſhions to adore my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with a little coſt.
But firſt ile turne you fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine our faire ſunne, till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my ſhaddow as I paſſe. *Exit.*

Enter.

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his maieſtie,
Will ſoone recouer his accuſtomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therfore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly ſonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the truſt of Rich. Glouceſter,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. It is concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But ſo it muſt be if the King miſcarrie, *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maieſtie ioyfull as you haue bene.
Qu. The Counteſſe Richmond good my Lord of Darby,
To your good prayers will ſcarcely ſay, *Amen:*
Yet Darby, notwithſtanding ſhees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord aſſured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beſeech you either not beleeue
The enuious ſlaunders of her accuſers,
Or if ſhe be accuſed in true report,
Beare with her weakeneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord Darby?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from viſiting his Maieſtie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace ſpeakes chearfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam we did: He deſires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloceſter and your brothers,
And betwxt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And

And ſent to warne them of his royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be.
I feare our happineſſe is at the higheſt. *Enter Gloceſter.*
Glo. They doe me wrong, and I will not indure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the King?
That I forſooth am ſterne loue them not:
By wholy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious rumors:
Becauſe I cannot flatter and ſpeake faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apiſh courteſie,
I muſt be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus in ſimpla truth muſt be abuſde
By ſilken ſlie inſinuating Iackes?
Ri. To home in this preſence ſpeakes your grace?
Glo. To thee that haſt nor honeſtie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall perſon
(Whome God preſerue better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kindred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The grounds of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a Gentleman
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you,

Our

Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to eno ble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you doe me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knwes not ſo?
She may doe more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhee not? ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.
Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue indured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margret.*
Q. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I ſayd,
I will auoch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore ſonne at Tewxburie.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons ſlaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue been ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue been, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his Father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So ſhould we now, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If ſhould be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this countries king:
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,
Qu. Mar. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe.

I can

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In ſharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like ſubiects,
Yet that by you depoſd, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what makſt thou in my ſight?
Qu.Ma. But repetition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a ſonne thou oweſt vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence:
The ſorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curſe me noble father laide on thee,
When thou didſt crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drewſt riuers frow his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curſes then from bitterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iuſt is God to right the innocent.
Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported,
Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Qu.Ma. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes loſſe, my woefull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeuiſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curſes:
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your King.
As our by murder, to make him a King.

Edward thy ſonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my ſon, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violences,
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glory, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long maiſt thou liue to waile thy childrens loſſe,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art ſtald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greeſe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorſet, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo was thou Lord Haſtings, when my ſonne
Was ſtabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by ſome vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
Qu.M. And leaue out thee? ſtay dog, for thou ſhalt heare me,
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traytors whilſt thou liueſt,
And take deepe traytors for thy deareſt friends,
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whilſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou eluiſh markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie womb,
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.
Glo. Margaret.
Qu.M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.
Qu. M. I call thee not.
Glo. Then I crie thee mercy: for I had thought

Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me and ends by Margaret.
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe,
Qu.M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my fortune:
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantick curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou mooue our patience.
Qu.M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu.Ma. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould doe me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Qu.M. Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What 't were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Qu.Ma. And turnes the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our aeries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charitie.
Qu.M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mary. O princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.
Qu.Ma. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Q.Ma. What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle counſell,
And ſoothd the diuell that I warne thee from?
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore Margaret was a Propheteſſe:
Liue each of you, the ſubiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand on end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at libertie.
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Haſt. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to doe ſomebody good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid.

He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Criſtianlike conluſion,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So do I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Madame, his maieſtie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.
Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords will you goe with vs,
Ri. Madame, we will attend your Grace. *Exeunt Ma. Cla.*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braule,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, whome I indeed haue laid in darkeneſſe:
I doe beweepe to many ſimple guls:
Namely to Haſtings, Darby, Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies
That ſtirre the K. againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuenged on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie
With old od ends, ſtolne out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the Diuell.
But ſoft here comes my Executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now, my hardy ſtout reſolued mates,
Are ye not going to deſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me.
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate: doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not, my Lord we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eyes drop milſtones, when fooles eies drop teares
Ilike you Lads, about your buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes you Grace ſo heauily to day?
Cla. Oh, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames:
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of diſmall terrour was the time.
Bra. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Gloceſter,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, there we looked towards England,
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter,
That had befallen vs: as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloſter ſtumbled, and in ſtumbling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyſe of water in mine eares,
What vgly ſights of death within mine eyes:
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in ſcorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wade the ſlimie bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.
Bro. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought I had: for ſtill the enuious flood
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the emptie, vaſt, and wandring ayre,

But

But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. A wakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt of my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht: Then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence?
That ſtabd me in the field by Texwburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Brok. No maruell (my Lord) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their tiles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
The murtherers enter.
In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exe. I would ſpeake with Clarence, & I came hither on my (legs,
Bro. Yea, are ye ſo briefe?
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our Commiſſion, talke no more. *He readeth it.*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there ſits the Duke a ſleepe:
Ile to his Maieſtie and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſignd my place to you,
Exe. Do ſo, it is a poynt of wiſedome.
2. What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1. No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
when he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1. Why then he will ſay we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kind of remorſe in me.
1. What art thou afraid?
2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1. Backe to the Duke of Gloſter, tell him ſo.
2. I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell. xx.
1. How doſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (me
2. Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet within
1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1. Where is thy conſcience now?
2. In the Duke of Gloſters purſe.
1. So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out.
2. Let it goe, ther's few or none will entertaine it.
1. How if it come to thee againe?

2. It

2. Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot ſteale,
But it accuſeth him, he cannot ſteale but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbours wife but it detects
Him, it is a bluſhing ſhamefaſt ſpirit that mutinies
In a mans boſome: it fils one full of obſtacles,
It made me once reſtore a peece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to truſt
To himſelfe, and to liue without it.

1. Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow, perſwading me
Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the deuill in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would inſinuate with thee to make thee ſigh.

1. Tut, I am ſtrong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that reſpects his reputation,
Come ſhall we to this geare?

1. Take him ouer the coſtard with the hilts of my ſword
And then we will chop him in the Malmſey-but in the next
2. Oh excellent deuice, make a ſoppe of him. (roome.

1. Harke, he ſtirs, ſhall I ſtrike?

2. No, firſt lets reaſon with him. *Cla. awaketh.*

Cla. Where art thou Keeper, giue me a cup of wine.

1. You ſhall haue wine enought, my Lo. anone.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou:

2. A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as we are, loyall.

Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2. My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkely and how deadly dooſt thou ſpeake?
Tell me, who are you? wherefore come you hither?

Am. To, to, to.

Cla. To murther me? *Am. I.*

Cla. You ſcarcely haue the heart to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to doe it,
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

1. Offend

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I ſhall be reconciled to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To ſlay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the euidence to accuſe me?
What lawfull queſt haue giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by courſe of law?
To threaten me with death is moſt vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Chriſts deare blood ſhed for our greeuous ſinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1. What we will doe, we do vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded is the King.

Cla. Erroneous vaſſaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,
That thou ſhalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heed, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2. And that ſame vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For falſe forſwearing and for murther too?
Thou didſt receiue the holy Sacrament
To fight in quarrell of the houſe of Lancaſter.

1. And like a traitor to the Name of God,
Didſt breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Vnripſt the bowels of thy Soueraignes ſonne,

2. Whome thou wert ſworne to cheriſh and defend.

1. How canſt thon vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou haſt broke it in ſo deare degree?

Cla. Alas, for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his ſake:
Why ſirs, he ſends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this ſin he is as deepe as I.
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,
The Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,
1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloecster,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloecster hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid Gloecster thinke on this, and he will weepe,
Am. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.
Cla. O, doe not slander him for he is kind.
1. Right, as snow in harueſt, thou deceiuſt thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murther thee,
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murthering me?
Ah sirs consider, he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What

2. What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1. Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish.
My friend, I spie some pittie in your lookes;
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and intreat for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pities not?
1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.
2. A bloodie deede, and desprately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.
1. Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2. I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
Fot this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue set my friend at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hears loue,
Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.
King. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.
Kin. Madame, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue been factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And so sweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day.
Brother we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madame, I intreate peace of you,
Which I purchase with my dutious seruice,
Of you my noble cousen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betwdene vs.
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whome my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do beseech you Maiestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus scornde in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You doe him iniurie to scorne his coarse.
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?
Dor I my good Lord, and no one in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order was reuerst.
Glo. But he (poore soule) by your first order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God grant that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from suspition.

Enter Darbie.

Dar.

Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I praythee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what it is thou demaundeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;
My brothren ſlew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhmen was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Tewxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your waytingvaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you.
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and your for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawneſſe: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
Dut. No boy. (breaſt?
Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beate your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy ſonne?
Girle. Why do you looke on vs and ſhake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, caſtawaies,
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My prittie Coſens, you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him, now your fathers dead:
It were loſt labour to weepe for one that's loſt.
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whome I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and ſhallaw innocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſde your fathers death.
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Gloceſter
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kiſt my cheekes,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.
Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noiſe is this?

Enter.

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſelfe,
And to my ſelfe become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.
Dut. Ah, ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely ſemblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which greeues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And plukt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I
Then, being but motitie of my ſelfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you weept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?
Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. *Edward*,

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. *Clarence*.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.
Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*, and is he gone?
Ambo. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*, and is he gone?
Dut. What ſtay had I but they, and they are gone?
Qu. Was neuer widow, had ſo deare a loſſe.
Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had a dearer loſſe?
Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer loſſe?
Alas, I am the mother of theſe moanes,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo doth not ſhe:
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weepe, and ſo do I:
I for an *Edward* weepe, and ſo do they,
Alas, you three on me three-fould diſtreſt.
Powre all your teares, I am your ſorrowes nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloſter, with*
Glo. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cauſe *others.*
To waile the dimming of our ſhining ſtarre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I doe cry you mercy,
I did not ſee your Grace, humbly on on my knee
I craue you bleſſing,
Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meekeneſſe in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true duty.
Glo. Amen, make me die a good old man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers bleſſing:
I marueil why her grace did leaue it out?
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart ſorrowing Peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue ſpent our harueſt for this King,
We are to reape the harueſt of his ſoone:
The broken rancour of your high ſwolne hearts,
But lately ſplinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd, cheriſht, and kept.
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

Glo. Then be it so: and goe we to determine
Who they shall be that shraight shal post to Ludlow?
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.
Ans. With all our harts. *Exeunt. manet Glo. Buck.*
Buck. My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behind:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King,
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a child will goe by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

Enter two Cittizens.

1. *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1. Heare you the newes abroad?
2. I, that the King is dead.
1. Bad newes by lady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter another Cit.*
3. *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1. It doth. 3. Then maisters looke to see a troublous world.
1. No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3. Woe to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2. In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1. So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths old.
3. Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.
2. So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not.
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
And the Queenes kindred hautie and proude,
And were they to be rulde, and not rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2. Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well.
3. When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes,
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth:
All men be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.
1. Truly the soules of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot almast reason with a man
That lookes not heauily and full of feare.
3. Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a deuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boystous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2. We are sent for to the Iustice.
3. And so was I, ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Last night I heard they lay at Northampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be heere.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they say my soonne of Yorke
Hath ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why, my yong Cousin it is good to grow.
Yor. Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Glo.
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make hast.

Dut.

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had been remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so faw,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a prittie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perillous Boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset.
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaugham, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie brgins to iet

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O prepostrous
And franktice outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither bare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betid to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come ile conduct you to the Sanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Duke of Gloster, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.

Buck. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham- (ber.
Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soueraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisom, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maior.
Lo.M. God blesse your Grace, with health and happie daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lo. and thanke you all,
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L.Hast.*
Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord.
Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If she denie, Lord Hastings go with them,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.
Buck. You are too senceless obstinate my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the greatnesse of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sactuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once:
Come on Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?
Hast. I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*
Pri. Good Lords make all the speedie haste you may.
Say Vncle *Gloucester*, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you, some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Pri. I doe not like the Tower of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæsar* build that place my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gratious Lo. begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or else reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But say my Lord it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so yong, they say do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vncle?
Glo. I say, without Caracters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That *Iulius Cæsar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did inrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen *Buckingham*.
Buck. What my gracious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,

He winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short sommers lightly haue a forward spring.
Enter yong Yorke. Hastings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *Yorke*.
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke*, how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.
Glo. How fares our cousen noble Lo. of *Yorke*?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire cousen, I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you Vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger litle cousen, with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no gift to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, ile giue my cosen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the sword too it.
Glo. I gentle cosen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. It is too weightie for you grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What, would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because that I am litle like an *Ape*.
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.
Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons,
To mittigate the scorne he giue his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along?
My selfe and my good cousen *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord *Protector* will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yor. Mary my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:
My Granam told me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt. Prin. Yor. Hast. Dorsmanet. Bish. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Whas not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make *William* L. *Hastings* of our minde,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous Ile?
Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buc. What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?

Cat. He will doe all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buc. Well, then no more but this.
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Haſtings* how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Miſtris *Shore*, one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby* effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place, there ſhall you finde vs both.
Buck. Now my Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſome what we will do,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Hertford* and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buck. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the coore?
Meſſ. A meſſenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter L. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

Firſt he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night, the Boare had caſt his helme:
Beſides he ſayes, there are two counſels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:
Bid him not feare the ſeparated councels:
His Honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other is my ſeruant *Catesby*:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockerie of vnquiet ſlumbers.
To flye the Boare before the Boare purſue vs,
Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe.
Go, bid thy maiſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the Boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſſ. My gracious Lord, Ile tell him what you ſay. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to L. Haſtings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early ſtirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lord,
And I beleeue twill neuer ſtand vpright
Till *Richad* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Haſt. Who? weare the Garland? doeſt thou meane the (Crowne?
Cat I my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoul-
Ere I will ſee the Crowne ſo foule miſplaſte: (ders,
But canſt thou geſſe that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt die at *Pomfret*.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo falls it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men else, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely *Richard*, and to *Buchingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would beſo tryumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,
And

And indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day orecaſt,
This ſudden ſcab of rancor I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward,
But come my L. ſhall we to the Tower?
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes?
This day thoſe men you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then ſome that haue accuſed them weare their hats:
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Standley, & Cat.*
Haſt. Go you before, Ile follow preſently.

Enter Haſtings a Purſiuant.

Haſt. Well met *Haſtings*, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your good Lordſhip to ask.
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee laſt where now we meete:
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.
Haſt. Gramercy *Haſtings*, hold ſpend thou that.

He giues him his purſe.

Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Prieſt.*
Haſt. What ſir Iohn, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your laſt dayes exerciſe:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whiſpers*

Enter Buckingham. (*in his eare.*

Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a (prieſt?
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need the Prieſt.
Your Honour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. Tis like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.
Buc. And ſupper too, although thou knowſt it not:

Come

Come, ſhall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richad Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarts curſe if falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

Riu. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name ſay, when is this rayall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar It is, and let but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I gueſſe a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble *Duke*? (his mind.

Bi. Why you my L: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Euc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,
Lord

Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neare in loue.

Haſt. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I preſume he will take in good part.

Biſh. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himſelfe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My noble L. and couſens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a ſleepe, but now I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. *Haſtings* had now pronounſt you part:
I meane your voyce for crowning of the King.

Glo. Then my L. *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.

Haſt. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Biſh. My Lord.

Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there,
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

Biſh. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Couſen *Buckingham*, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſty gentleman ſo hote,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Gl.*

Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided.
As elſe I would be, were the day prolonged,

Enter the Biſhop of Elie. (berries.

Biſh. Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue ſent for theſe ſtraw-

Haſt. His grace lookes cheerefully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewne it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my graciour Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curſe
Is lightened on poore *Haſtings* wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come couſen, canſt thou quake & change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Entes Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maior
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.
Glo. *Catesby* ouerlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

Enter

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with *Shores* wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, were not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of *Gloucester*,
Mayor. What, had he so?
Glo. What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer look't for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse *Shore*.
Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same.

Vnto

Vnto the Cittizens, who happily may
Misconstrue vs in him, and waile his death.
Ma. My good *L.* your graces word shall serue,
As well as I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this ease.
Glo. And to that end we wish yonr Lordship here,
To auoid the carping censures of the world.
Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.
Glo. After, after, Cousen *Buckingham.* *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meetest aduantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of *Edwards* children:
Tell them how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll lifted to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neare my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiate *Edward*, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had wares in *France*,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my Lord, me brother liues. mother
Buc. Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe.
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied

With

With reuerend fathers and well learned Biſhops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and ſo my Lord farwell.
Glo. Now will I in to take ſome priuie order (*Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to giue notice that no manner of perſon
At any time haue recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet hand fairely is ingroſſ'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the ſequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I ſpent to write it ouer.
For yeſternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,
The preſident was full as long a dooing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres liued Lord *Haſtings*
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's ſo groſſe
That ſees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who ſo blind but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſeene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloceſter at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what ſay the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizenes are mumme, and ſpeake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the baſtardy of *Edwards* Children?
Buc. I did: with the inſatiate greedineſſe of his deſires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne baſtardy,
As being got, your father then in *France*:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and nobleneſſe of minde:
Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:
Your Diſcipline in warre, wiſedome in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Vntouch't, or ſleightly handled in diſcourſe:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bad them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God ſaue *Richard*, Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they ſo?
Buc. No ſo God helpe me,
But like dumbe ſtatues or breathleſſe ſtones,
Gazde eace on other and look't deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them:
And askt the Mayor what meanes this wilfull ſilence?
His anſwere was, the people were not wont
To be ſpoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing ſpeake in warrant from himſelfe:
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And ſome ten voyces cryed, God ſaue King *Richard*:
Thankes louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applauſe and louing ſhoute,
Argues your wiſedome and your loues to *Richard*:
And ſo brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueleſſe blocks were they, would they not ſpeake?
Buc. No by my troth my Lord.
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his bretheren come?
Buc. The Mayor is heere: and intend ſomes feare,
Be not ſpoken withall, but with mightie ſute:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And ſtand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy deſcant:
Be not eaſie wonne to our requeſt:
Play the maydes part, ſay no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canſt pleade as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happie iſſue.
Buc. You ſhall ſee what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his ſeruant: how now *Catesby*, what ſayes he?
Cat. My Lord he doth entreate your Grace
To viſit him to morrow, or next day:

He is within with twoo reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. Ah ha my Lord, this prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were England, would this graciour prince
Take on him selfe the soueraignty thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What sayes your Lord?
Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble cousen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit. Cat.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.
Maior. See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my request:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graes pleasure?
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.
Glo. I do suspect, I haue done some offence,
That seeme disgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my Lord: would it please your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame Seate, the Throne maiesticall,
The Sceptred office of your Ancestors,
The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildenesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countryes good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with scars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulph
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion:
Which to recouer we hartily solicite
Your Gracious selfe to take on you the soueraignty therof,
Not as Protector, Swteard, Substitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as successiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consorted with the Cittizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust sute come I to moue your Grace.
Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence,

Or biterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunnes your high requeſt,
Firſt if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie and ſo many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie ſea,
Then in my greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeate of maieſtie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie ſtarres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buc. My Lord, this argues conſcience in your grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that *Edward* is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edwards* wife:
For firſt he was contracted to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witneſſe to that vow,
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betrothed
To *Bona*, ſiſter to the King of *France*,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widdowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt dayes,
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathed bigamie,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This *Edward*, whome our manners terme the Prince:
More bitterly could expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie?
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of a buſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the childe your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you except our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downefall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, Ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of *Buckingham*,
Cat. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their ſute.
Ano. Do, good my Lord, leaſt all the land doe rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule,
Coſen of *Buckingham*, and you ſage grauemen,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to endure the loade,

But if blacke ſcandall or ſo foule fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.
May. God bleſſe your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buc. Then I ſalute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
May. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Couſen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutcheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet at one doore, Dutcheſſe of Glocester at another doore.

Dut. Who meetes vs heere, my Neece *Plantagenet*?
Qu. Siſter well met, whither away ſo faſt?
Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind ſiſter thankes, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How feares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The King hath ſtraightly charged the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will ſee them.
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office form thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doe beſeech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Standly.

Stan. Let me but meete your Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your Grace of *Yorke*, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt goe with me to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned *Richards* royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe I ſound
With this dead liking newes.
Dor. Madam, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O Dorſet, ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerſtrip death, goe croſſe the ſeas,
And liue with *Richmond* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curſe,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters from me to me ſonne,
To meete you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwiſe delay.
Dut. Yor. O ill diſpearſing winde of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cokatrice haſt thou hatcht to the world,
Whoſe vnauoyded eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haſte was ſent for.
Dutch. And I in all vnwillingneſſe will goe,
I would to God that the incluſiue verge
Of golden mettall that muſt round my browe,
Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me be with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.

Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Henries* courſe,
When ſcarſe the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
Bnt haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glorie.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Dut. Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Coſen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth his throne.*

Thus

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall wee weare theſe honours for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they laſt.
Kin. Ri. O *Buckingham*, now I doe play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now what I would ſay.
Buc. Say on my gratious ſoueraigne.
King. Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice renowned Liege,
Kin. Ha: am I King? tis ſo, but *Edward* liues.
Buc. True noble Prince.
Kin. O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true noble Prince.
Coſen, thou wert not wont to be ſo dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddenly performde.
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe.
Buc. Your grace may do your pleaſure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindneſſe freezeth,
Say, haue I thy conſent that they ſhall die?
Buc. Giue me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe my Lord,
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your grace immediatly.
Cat. The King is angry, ſee, he bites the lip.
King. I will conuerſe with iron witted fooles,
And vnreſpectiue boyes, none are for me
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes:
Boy, high reaching *Buckingham* growes circumſpect.
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whome corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.

King.

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter,
The boy is fooliſh, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

King. Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrill*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare. *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee too.

Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.

King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Yea my good Lord.

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.

King. Well let that passe, *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

King. *Stanly*, he is your wiues sonne: Well looke too it.

Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of *Herford* and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.

King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere it.

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?

King. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord.

King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome.

King. *Richmond*, when last I was at *Exeter*,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,
And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once
I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, whats a clocke?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promisde me.

King. Well, but whats a clocke?

Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King Becauſe that like a Iacke thon keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings*, and begone
To *Brecknock*, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudy deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories.
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Forreſt* girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
When in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told on we ſmoothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime creation euer he fraunde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tydings to the bloudy King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he come. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrill*, and I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.

King.

King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrill*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me *Tirrill* ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrill.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aimes
And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Cateſby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
King. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery,
Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue, *Mercurie*, and Herald for a King.
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Qu. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the wayning of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence

Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweet *Son*.

Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Qu. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him.

Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-

...hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre
Preyes on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quite my *Edward*,
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*:
And the beholders of this Tragicke play,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*,
Vntimely smoothered in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his pitteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hels burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say the Dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toad.

Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shaddow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A signe

A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widdow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcorned at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorks* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
These Engliſh woes, will make me ſmile in *France*.
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Qu.Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu.Ma. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why ſhould calamitie be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your client woes,
Aierie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they doe impart
Helpe not at all, yet doe they eaſe the hart.
Dut. If ſo, then be not tong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmoother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſonnes ſmothered:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Dut. Thou rode, thou rode, where is thy brother *Clarence?*
And little Ned Plantagenet, his Sonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my father and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech:
King. And briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:

A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmde, proud, subtill, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
King Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breake a fast once forth of my compa..ie:
If it be so gratious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My prayers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamie,
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.
Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.
King. Her life is onely safest in her birth.
Qu. And onely in that safety died her brothers.
King. Loe at their births good stars were opposite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.
Qu. True, when avoyded grace makes destiny,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
Ki. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile armes,
As Intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd,
Qu. What good is couered with the face of heauen,
To be discouered that can doe me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
Ki. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.
Q. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.
King. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soule didst thou loue her brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I doe thanke thee for it,
Ki. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of *England*.

Qu. Say then, who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncke *Riuers*, yea, and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſouerainetie.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainely told.
King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
King. Madam, your reaſons are too ſhallow, & too quick.
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake.
King. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonor'd, and the third vſurped.
King. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophan'd, hath loſt his holy honor:
The Garter blemiſht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his Kingly dignitie,
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd,
King. Now, by the world.
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonor'd.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt fear'd, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King thy brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had grac't the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worme.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrong'd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by thee paſt wrong'd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtered,

Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butcherd,
Old withered plaints to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated devotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in great designes.
Qu. shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my Children.
Ki. But in your daughters wombe Ile burie them,
Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious Soueraigne, on the Westerne coast,
Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their *Admirall*:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of *Buckingham* to welcome them a shore.
King. Some light-foot friend, post to the D. of *Norfolke*.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?
Cat. Heere my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke: post thou to *Salisbury*,
When thou comest there: dull vnmindfull villanie
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?
Cat. First mightie soueraigne, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.
King. O true, good *Catesbie*, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at *Salisburie*.
Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shal do at *Salisbury*?
King. Why what wouldst thou doe there before I go?
Rat. Your Highnes told me I should post before.
King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuered runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne but by guesse.
King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.
Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Ely*,
He makes for *England*, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What heire of *Yorke* is there aliue but we?
And who is *Englands* King, but great *Yorkes* heire?

Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?
Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege, I cannot guesse.
King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar. They haue not been commanded mightie soueraign,
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please?
King. I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir.
Dar. Most mightie soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my frie doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false. ndship
King. Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Gratious soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their aide, and still their power encreaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He striketh him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death.
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.
Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of *Buckinghams* armie is dispersit and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?
Mes. Such proclamation hath been made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marques *Dorset*,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittaine Nauie is dispersit, *Richmond* in *Dorsetshire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beat downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of *Richmond*
Is with a mightie power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Cristopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie Bore,
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuoult off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But

But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Christ. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
S. Christ. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day, fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday:
This is the day, that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respit of my wronges:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prair on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

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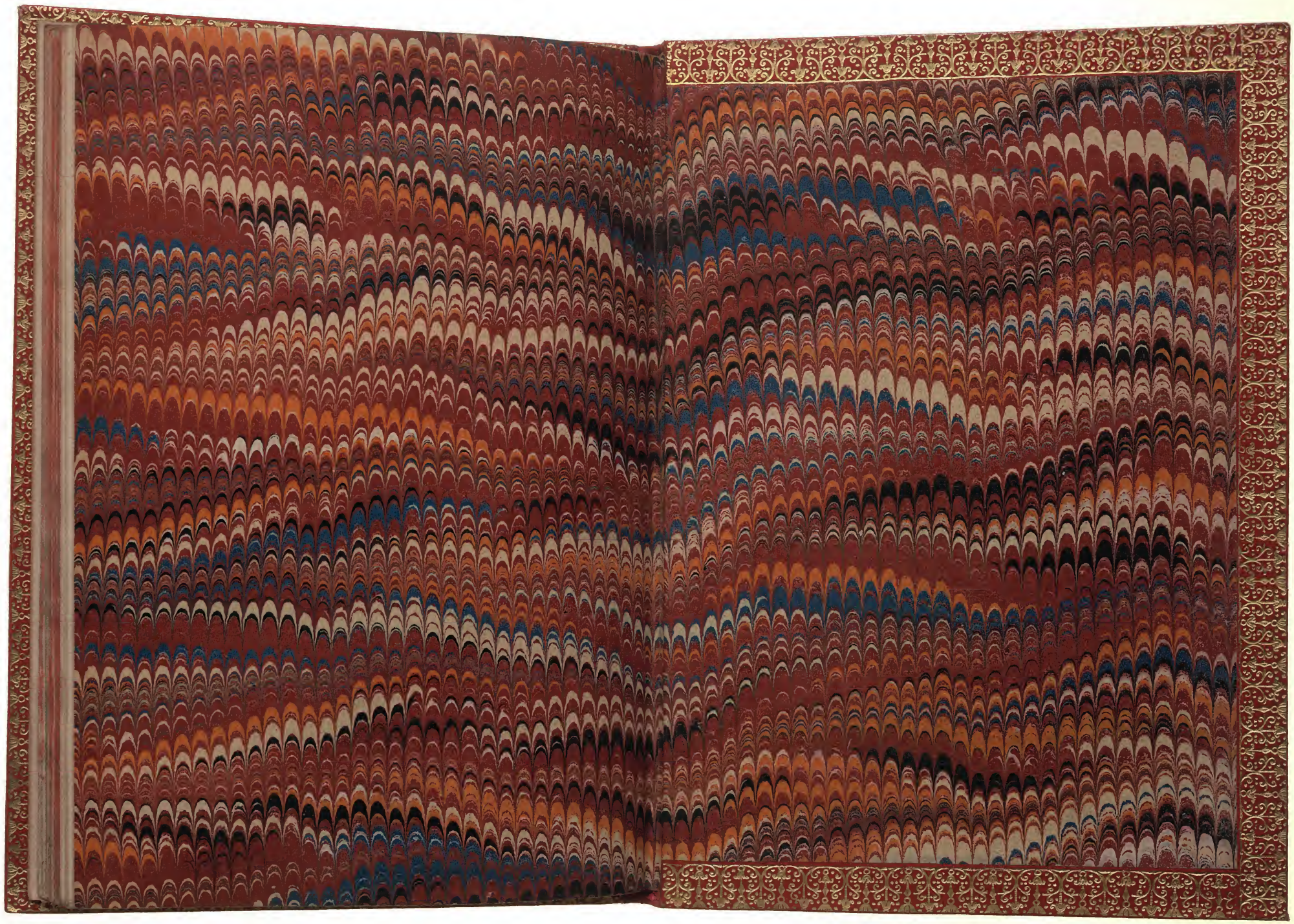

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